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Aschach-on-the-Danube.

Austrian wine-growing. The green grapes on the sunny walls of many a farmhouse seem to be dreaming of these bygone glories. Today, the mugs in the "Bauernstuben" ("Peasant Parlours") and the glasses on the inn tables are no longer filled with wine, but with the cider and perry from apples and pears which in late summer lie in great heaps before the old home presses, richly carved and decorated with mottos. The Upper Austrian is a great drinker of cider in pauses between his warm work in the fields, and at "Jause" (tea time), in cool, paved rooms or in the shade of an inn lime-tree in summer.

The wooded charm of the mountains lining the Danube Valley strikes an ever more solitary note. The hills and cliffs twist the ribbon of the river into loops until at Schlögen it makes a great bend around the foot of the mountain on which stand the ruins of Haichenbach. Next come the villages of boat-builders; further upstream we see on high ground the market church of Engelhartszell on the right bank, near the Bavarian frontier.

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IN THE INNVIERTEL. Rich harvests are usual in this part of the country. The four-square farms nestle comfortably and with an air of independence in the rich fields. In the stables, side by side with the long row of sturdy cart-horses are fast trotters, which draw the farmer and his wife on cross-country trips, or when they enjoy the hospitality of a wedding feast in some neighbouring village. Baroque church

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"where?" the Viennese soon had no other answer than "in the coffee house!"

"Where can I speak to you?" "From where can I pick you up by car?" "Where can I play cards—or billiards?" "Where can I dodge a curtain lecture?" "Where is the latest news to be found?" "Where can I start a club?"—The Viennese answer to each is "in the café". In course of time every class and group acquired its own coffee house. There were cafés for young men, artists, pensioners, ladies, bohemians and many others.

In the café lies illusion, and the smallest illusion is capable of making the Viennese happy. Coffee has actually become the favourite drink of the Viennese since 1683. It is a drink which they know how to prepare deliciously at home as well. The Vienna coffee house has developed in so many directions and become so unique that it has become almost an article of export—the Vienna "Stammcafé!"

You are not limited to ordering an ordinary cup of black coffee. Far from it. For the initiated there is a whole catalogue of variants. There is black coffee with or without whipped cream, the "Einspänner", the "Melange", the "Kapuziner" a "cup of gold" or a "cup of nut-brown" coffee. With these a "Kipfel" may be eaten to bring out the flavour. A glass of water is always served at the same time and the glass is refilled gratis innumerable times when the customer has ceased to order anything to be put on the bill. You sit at a small, marble-topped table, surrounded by well-dressed people. In the café as on the street outside, the picture is lively and colourful. If you wish to read there are any amount of newspapers and magazines available, as well as fashion journals and art periodicals. Just by ordering a cup of "Melange" and a "Kipfel" you acquire the right to sit there for hours if you will.

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Franz Schubert, who could not do without coffee, often made it for himself at

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home, humorously naming his small hand coffeegrinder the home of his Holy Spirit. He swore that the best ideas and tones came to him through the monotonous noise of grinding coffee beans, instancing his D-minor-quartette. Beethoven's approved recipe for coffee was sixty beans to a cup.

After a time, chocolate was also served in the coffee houses. When Fernando Cortez landed in Mexico in 1519, he came across the drink of the native inhabitants. This was served ceremoniously in golden cups at the court of Montezuma, the last of the Aztec rulers. The doctors of Europe were of divided opinion concerning the cocoa bean, its oponents being in the minority in Vienna. In 1694 the Vienna Professor Rauch was bold enough to criticise chocolate unfavourably. As a result he lost his position and his book was destroyed. The Viennese stand no nonsense when a culinary addition is called in question.

The lemonade booths were a later development. They were most in demand of course in the summer months and were well supported by women. They were tents set up in public squares where lemonade, "almond milk" and ice-creams were sold. They sprang up on the Graben and Am Hof, on the Bastei, at the Kärntnertor and on the Neuer Markt. In good weather they were sometimes patronised—lover's whispers on summer nights and by bright moonlight—until the dawn.

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